

Saturday, during July and August, our store closes at 1 p. m.

## WE'VE GOT TO HURRY

the summer stock out, for our buyers have ordered in the biggest line of Housefurnishings for fall and winter that has ever been shown in Washington.

That's good news for the future. Good news for the present—because haste makes waste—and we'll deliberately cut great slices off the prices all over the store.

It's the most opportune time in the year to buy—for values are not considered beside our desire to clear the floors—and bargains are made that every housewife will appreciate.

Everybody can enjoy them—because

**"Your credit is good."**

House & Herrmann, Liberal Furnishers, N. E. Cor. 7th and I Sts.

## MONDAY

begins our great stock-clearing sale. Dry Goods of every description. Gents and Ladies' Furnishing Goods at prime cost. All strictly summer Dress Goods. Ladies' Waists, Duck Suits, Dress Skirts, Belts, Mitts and the like below cost.

904-906 Seventh Street.

## YOU DON'T KNOW

—how much easier you can make your life in summer until you cook the meals with gas. There is no dirt, no smoke, no trouble to light—a simple turn of the gas jet—and there you are! It's cheapest, too. Buy the Gas Stove or Range now. We'll save you big money.

GAS APPLIANCE EXCHANGE, 1424 New York Ave.

**MEN'S NEGLIGEE SHIRTS** Laundered with extreme care that the colors won't fade out. Collars and cuffs done up in the best manner by experts at the new Special attention given to Ladies' Shirt Waists.

**TOLMAN STEAM LAUNDRY,** Cor. Sixth and C Streets N. W.

**ICE** HYGIENIC—RELIABLE—THE HARDEST—THE BEST. MADE OF PURE SPRING WATER. Telephone 406. Office 1424 P. St. N. E.

**LATH! LATH! LATH!** \$2.05, \$2.05, \$2.05 Per Thousand.

Plasterers bring your orders. No cash required. These are the best Mason Spruce foot lath. Have 2,000,000 on hand and must sell. Every plasterer's credit is good at

Thos. W. Smith's Lumber Yard, 1st and Ind. Ave. N. W.

—Same as done at factories and fully guaranteed. ENAMELING, brazing, vulcanizing, and other repair work. Acme Repair and Bicycle Co., 1749 Penna. Ave.

**DR. CZARRA'S** PRIVATE DISPENSARY, No. 610 2d St. N. W., Washington, D. C. SPECIALTY—All chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases, rheumatism, gout, catarrh, dyspepsia, liver, kidney, bladder and urinary troubles, piles, stricture, vitality restored. A NEW METHOD for permanent and quick cure of private diseases and women's complaint. Free examination; confidential. Hours—10 a. m. to 8 p. m. Dispensary to everybody each evening from 6 to 8 p. m. No charges, BUT EXPECTLY FREE.

**ELECTRIC FANS—Reduced.** We offer the best Ceiling Fan on the market, only up complete for \$25. Desk Fans from \$12 upwards. Battery Fans for sick rooms put up in all parts of the city.

**ROYCE & MAREAN,** 1410 Pa. Ave.—Phone, 833.

**ELECTRIC FANS** And Electric Lights for Little Money.

**JOHN R. GALLOWAY'S,** 520 10th St. N. W., Phone 280.

**Cyclists and Travelers** should never be without **ANTIKOLERINE** (Tablets). The Positive, Tasteless Cure for diarrhea, dysentery, colic, cholera morbus, cholera infantum.

## LIVES OF THE STABLE BOYS

How the Racing Stables Train Their Apprentices.

STUDY AND GO TO CHURCH

Their Day Begins at Half Past Three in the Morning and They Go to Bed at Eight at Night—The Strap Is the Remedy for Disobedience—Their Food and Wages.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by the Bachelor Syndicate.)

The personnel of a great racing stable consists first of the trainer, second the jockey, thirdly of the stable boys, and fourthly of the apprentices; these four form the backbone of the stable, and it is to them that the trainer looks for the success of his stable. These apprentices boys form about one-half of the stable's help; to a string of twenty horses there are usually ten men and ten boys, and nearly all the latter belong to the apprentice class. The reason for taking advantage of the apprentice law, is that if the green boy turns out well, no unsuspicious competing trainer can lure the boy away from his original employer. And again it places the boy under legal control, so that his parents know exactly his and their rights.

The majority of the boys are secured at the express wish of their parents, who know that the boy apprenticed to the stable of Mr. August Belmont, the Messrs. Keene, Morris, Beard, Dwyer, Hubert, or even to the smaller stables, will be well fed, clothed, and looked after generally. It is not alone humanity that prompts this good and even liberal treatment, but self interest as well, because if mal-treated or poorly fed, the boy will run away.

Some of these boys are secured from various reformatory institutions and houses. Harry Griffin, the premier jockey, for Mr. August Belmont, who with this year's Suburban with Henry of Navarre, is a boy out of the Catholic reformatory in Westchester county, and an exceptionally well-mannered and well-behaved young man, and one of the best jockeys this country ever produced. He was apprenticed to James Shields and learned much from him. He knows at Gutterberg of maddening fame; but it did not spoil Griffin, who now earns a salary of \$15,000 a year, besides the usual fees of \$10.00 for losing and \$25.00 for winning mounts. Generally speaking, however, owners and trainers of these "institution boys," as they are apt to be such "tough citizens," as not to be amenable to the strict rules laid down in a well organized racing stable.

If you want colored boys, all that is necessary is to walk through the streets of any Southern town where niggers are as plentiful as flies with us, and pick a boy off the street, find out where his "daddy" lives and secure her consent—the daddy doesn't count in this instance—too many "no account niggers" down there—and a little imp of darkness is yours. When the negro is a good horseman he is superlative—like Isaac Murphy, but usually a little success turns their heads and makes them useless for all practical purposes. Some trainers like McAfferty use no apprentice boys, preferring to pay a little more and secure experienced men, but the latter are very scarce, because as soon as they commence to grow, they get too heavy; a boy that weighs over 110 pounds has not much chance as an exercise lad in a racing stable.

These boys are apprenticed for three years under the State law from fourteen years up. So long as they are under the law, they are entirely under the boy's weight—if he weighs seventy-five pounds at fourteen, he is not likely to gain too much weight before reaching manhood. If the first year they receive \$2 a month pocket money, the second and third years \$10 and \$15 a month respectively, and, of course, are fed and clothed in the full term of their apprenticeship, and as I have full reason to know, well fed and well clothed. During a recent visit to the Sheephead Bay race track, I saw two little chaps—brothers—who had been sent down from Rochester to join Mr. Belmont's stable; they were putting on their new outfit of underwear, shoes, stockings, shirts, neckties, clothing, and accessories, surrounded by an assistant groom of stable men, vigorously "kneading and basting" them as at any other institution of learning. Compared with the clothes they had just "washed" they looked like little princes, before they were allowed to put on their new clothes they had their hair cut and were washed and shaved vigorously under the strap.

During the apprenticeship the money they earn in extra fees is either held in trust for the boy or handed over to his parents, as the latter may direct. If the boy should run away—which sometimes happens—he is advertised for, and all trainers are warned neither to harbor nor employ him.

Work commences each day in the racing season at half past three in the morning; the "string" of ten horses is divided into two "sets" of ten each; the first set is taken out at six o'clock and the second at 6 o'clock; after this the second set is exercised; this is finished about 9 o'clock. Then everything is cleaned up about the stable, race track, stable yard and about the work is over play for the rest of the day. At 8 o'clock in the evening everybody goes to bed. To experience just how well they are fed and clothed, I went to the stable of a well-known racing establishment, I was invited recently by the trainer of a stable belonging to one of the most distinguished men on the turf in this country, to dine with him, in formal of course. The menu consisted of potato soup, hot potatoes, green peas, fried bananas, chicken pudding, cream sauce and tea. Now, do you know many who dine so much better than this? The boys get the same. They are great on hot biscuits and pie and without doubt no racing stable can ever have any lack. It is considered a hoodoo to run a stable without these commodities, particularly pie. Or course there is a cook attached to each stable who markets for the entire establishment when he is a good steward; if not, the foreman or sometimes one of the men.

The strictest discipline is maintained. If a boy comes late to a meal he is shut out of the dining-room and goes hungry until the next meal. Fights, bad language and general quarrels, when displayed are punished by fines, extra work and in the case of the smaller boy, in extreme cases, he learns to know the taste of a strap. While the stable is in winter quarters, the teacher from the nearest school village comes every night to the farm to teach, and enforce being obligatory on the boys. Three prizes are distributed every week among the best scholars. Attendance at church on Sundays is also obligatory. The stable buildings are in winter, opposite each other on either side of a quadrangle, which forms the stable yard. Around all runs a covered walk, called the "shed," where the "string" is washed in bad weather. Attached to each stable is a house, containing the dining room, kitchen, and upstairs some sleeping room. There are no hallways; everything goes up and down, stable fashion, by a ladder. The boys sleep upstairs on either end of the stables. This is not a good arrangement, but is the fact of the matter, and in not providing better accommodations, in winter quarters the boys fare better as to sleeping places.

At first the boys get pretty tired of getting up at "cock crow," and then in the dim morning light sitting aside of some high-strung thoroughbred, which he has to exercise, and which cavorts about on one side of the track to the other, but if he is fond of the brute creation he will soon become reconciled to this early rising. Besides, the excitement and interest of handling a champion racer does a good deal toward making the hardships of the life appear easy.

In physical make-up a desirable boy should not be too long of limb, but with arms longer than the average, bony hands, with good palms, a quick eye, a good chest and pair of shoulders, but small of bone and lean, and a small appetite. A cool head and even temperament are also most desirable factors.

The first work in the saddle the boy is

**PEP-KOLA** All Sods Populated Bottles 75 cents

Kola, the best heart and nerve stimulant, without reaction, in the world. Pepsin, the greatest digestive known. Phosphates for brain, nerve and stomach.

**PEP-KOLA** All Sods Populated Bottles 75 cents

Wheelmen's Best Friend

A. W. STEWART & CO., Proprietors Broadway & 38th St., New York Principal Depot where the Genuine Pep-Kola is sold in Washington, D. C.

James T. Stott, 30 Pennsylvania Ave., N. W. Acker & Kener, 120 Pennsylvania Ave., N. W. E. C. Simms, 100 New York Ave. and 14th St., N. W. Walter O. Davis, 11th and G Sts. Chas. F. Keim, 188 14th St., N. W. E. K. Heibenstein, 100 14th St., N. W. Thos. K. Shaw, 7th and I Sts., N. W. J. W. Hodges, Fennell and 10th St.

Alex. S. Daggett, 50 Vermont Ave., N. W. A. P. French, 11th and 13th Sts., N. W. Drew's Drug Store, 1107 Connecticut Ave. E. C. Brown, 7th and 13th Sts., N. W. Guy M. Nalley & Co., 334 11th St., N. E.

given after he joins the stable is sitting astride of a quiet horse and acquiring a "seat." The trainer can tell at once if the boy is going to make a good exercise lad; he sits up squarely in the saddle, sits still and does not wobble all over the horse's back; if he takes the reins easily and naturally, without fumbling, and if his hand rests unconsciously on the horse's withers, that boy will be a horseman and perhaps some day a successful jockey. For each trainer desires to develop out of each boy a jockey. To encourage this plan the Jockey Club occasionally gives a race, in which apprentices only are allowed to ride; in other races an apprentice boy is allowed five pounds advantage in the weights. Col. Rupert recently entered a maiden two-year-old colt in one of these races, and he was given a chance to ride his first race. The boy rode with the rest of the help, and after galloping the colt he was to ride last a veteran he laid himself out to the stable and dressed himself in the stable clothes, and then sat around for the rest of the day in solemn and solitary grandeur.

The race was won by the veteran and would be called about 5 o'clock. Nothing could induce him to eat, either, he was so afraid he would be "over weight." The usual fees of \$10.00 for losing the paddock; but on being "warned up" through the stretch got frightened at the noise made by the people in the grand stand, and fell into the "tough citizen" as not so badly that Col. Rupert was obliged to ask the steward's permission to have the colt withdrawn. When the boy heard this he walked through the stable yard and far into the night. Since that time this boy has become quite a jockey, considering weight and years and experience.

While the work is undeniably hard and the discipline of the most rigorous character, still the life has many advantages.

### A MODEL FOOTMAN.

He Is Only a Drommy, But He Keeps Up Appearances.

New Orleans Pickayune.

The bright American girl who felt quite capable of looking after herself has never taken kindly to the chapman or to the chapter's modesty, the footman, who was eternally present when she took her rides abroad, and heard every word she said.

So far, in a society that was bound to be English, no matter how uncomfortable, there has seemed no way to avoid the omnipresent footman. This season, however, the question has been settled by Miss Norman Monroe, whose footman is the sensation of the hour at Long Branch.

He is very English, quite correct as to his gray frock coat and hat, and he sits in the footman's seat with an impassive stare that is the envy of all beholders. Best of all, he can never reveal the servant's hall with a scandalous account of her hears, for he is only a remarkably good dummy.

Miss Monroe is a very clever woman, who can do a four-hand wheel all the grace of a professional, and naturally she needed no footman or assistant of any kind, so she set up her dummy footman in deference to the prevailing fashion, and in her way rejoicing, untroubled by the proximity of Jeanies, who is only a terra cotta footman.

### FROM OUT OF THE WEST.

A Sad, Sad Story of a Woman Soldier and a Dove.

St. Louis Republic.

A story comes from Butler county, Kan., which may be true—we give it for what it is worth—that while a terrific storm was raging, Otto Schaffer, a hermit farmer, who lived there many years, took shelter in his cabin and was offering a prayer for protection when a bolt of lightning demolished the house and killed Schaffer.

Neighbors found the dead body on the floor and struck and then breakfast for all hands prepared the body for burial, and in doing so made the discovery that has been the talk of the county. He says Schaffer was a tall, dark man, a dove, and was a good and participated in many of the battles of the war. Despite this discovery the Grand Army veterans turned out and gave Schaffer a soldier's burial.

As the coroner fired a last salute over the grave into which the coffin had been lowered, it was found that a gun had been loaded with a ball as well as powder, and the shot which was fired was flying over. The dove fluttered and fell on the coffin dead. Schaffer leaves considerable property, but no one in the county knows of relatives of the deceased.

On a Double Standard. Dearest Mamma—What was that suspicious note I heard in the parlor just before Mr. Fluffy left?

Matilda Jane—In the parlor, mamma? Oh, I know. That was Char—I mean Mr. Fluffy, trying to illustrate the ratio between gold and silver. He played he was silver and I was gold.

Dearest Mamma—Well? Matilda Jane—Well, he gave me sixteen kisses to my one.

Dearest Mamma—Humph! It sounded more like thirty-two to two. Matilda Jane—Maybe it was, mamma. Charles said something about a double standard—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Met an Old Friend. "I cannot but admit my condition, your honor," said the dignified old gentleman who had been carried to the police station the night before in a state of collapse, "but the circumstance arose from my meeting an old friend of glory days—an old friend from Kentucky."

"I have the honor of being a Kentuckian," said his honor, "and I will let you go. By the way, where is the 'string' he was riding? He is a friend of mine."

The dignified old gentleman first got up near the door, and then said in a soft voice: "John Barleycorn."—Indianapolis Journal.

Reduction in Rate to Bay Ridge. The rate to Bay Ridge, the beautiful excursion resort, has been reduced this season to 50 cents for adults, except for evening train a rate of 75 cents will be charged, with rebate of 25 cents after coupon is stamped by ticket agent at Bay Ridge. Half rate for children between the ages of 5 and 12 years. Trains leave B. & O. depot, weekdays, 9:15 a. m. and 4:25 p. m. Sundays, 9:35 a. m., 1:30 and 3:15 p. m. 1616-W-7-8-11

Personally Conducted Tours to Niagara Falls via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad announces a series of personally conducted tours to Niagara Falls, leaving Washington by special train 7:30 a. m., August 10, 17, 24, 31, September 7 and 14. Rate \$10. Tickets good for 14 days. 1755, 27, 29, 31, and 1, 2, 4, 5

## TONGUELESS, HE TALKS

George Welch Learning Anew to Speak and Eat.

OPERATED ON FOR CANCER

Tongue Was Cut Out at the Roots. To Save His Life This Heroic Treatment Was Necessary.

People who fret because it's hot, bad weather, George Welch at Ramsey's, N. J., learned a lesson in patience. The man of fifty-four and the father of two grown up daughters, Mr. Welch is slowly learning anew to talk and to eat. His entire tongue, root and all, is gone—removed in an operation to save his life.

Everybody at Ramsey's knows George Welch. He is one of its wealthiest members and the owner of extensive nurseries two miles out of town. His week-end lawn and overhanging greenhouses bespeak his taste and his high social position. Tobacco had always been Mr. Welch's friend, but two years ago it turned enemy and gave him smokes, or, fissured, tongue. Though painful at times, he thought little of it all last winter, when by some mischance he gave his tongue a bad bite. Gradually it became more painful and swollen, and somewhat interfered with his speech.

April Mr. Welch noticed a wart-like growth on the tongue, and two cracks in the middle, crossing at right angles, and New York World. Mr. Welch saw a physician, who advised New York treatment, and the patient consulted Dr. Robert F. Welch, the New York Hospital.

THE TONGUE TAKES OUT.

The physician looked grave. It was cancer, he thought. A microscopic examination forty-eight hours later confirmed the diagnosis.

"Have it cut off as quickly as possible," said Dr. Welch, "or you'll die."

"Sooner the better," answered Mr. Welch, and on May 6, after a little preliminary operation, the tongue was cut out, and then the physician deftly said: "Mr. Welch's throat and inserted a silver rod, that the patient could swallow, thus performing what is called tracheotomy. Seven knives were drawn around the very base of the diseased tongue, and out it rolled. Last of the New York Hospital guards in the neck were removed, for fear the malady might spread there.

"Will he ever be able to speak or eat?" asked a friend who was waiting outside.

"Of course he will," laughed the physician. "He may not be able to say 'I am eating a peach,' but he'll talk all right and eat, too."

In less than a month the patient was back at his New Jersey home again, looking slowly to talk and to eat. He first could take only liquid food and later a little meat and fine. He talked with great difficulty, and wrote much on pad that he could not say. The physician said he would have to stop the writing, that was no way to learn to talk. So the patient got on wonderfully.

"I can eat at right now," said Mr. Welch yesterday, looking up from his work over his flowers. "Why, at dinner today I ate pie. Of course, it was hard at first, but I got used to it very fast. And with the aid of plenty of milk, I soon learned how to get along without a tongue. I soon expect to feel no inconvenience whatever. Everything tastes the same as it did with a tongue."

TALKS AND EATS ALL RIGHT. "As for talking, you can see how well I do. It's hard to say some words, but I'm improving every day. They told me 'cancer' would be a very hard word, but I've learned it."

And Mr. Welch promptly said "scissors" several times with no pride. Most people "scissors" with the tongue, but Mr. Welch makes his "scissors" wholly with his lips.

"I only feel the loss of my tongue when my mouth is open," said Mr. Welch. "When it is closed I do not know that it's gone. Dry things I can't eat; but then it is easy to drink a little milk or soup, and that does the trick."

The scars under Mr. Welch's neck are hidden by his gray beard. He is the picture of health, and his past history is a mystery. The interior of his mouth is as clean as a whistle, not a scar or the vestige of a tongue. The physicians say that gradually Mr. Welch will be able to take the place of his tongue, and that in time, when bitherto unused muscles are developed, the loss of his tongue will hardly be regretted to others or noticed by himself.

Mr. Welch has entirely given up smoking.

### AN IDYL OF KANSAS.

Showing That Cyclones Are Not as Bad as Supposed.

"Talking of cyclones," said the man from Kansas, "I don't put any faith in what I hear about them. 'Cause evidence is so conflicting. But what I've seen with my own eyes I must believe," quotes the Detroit Free Press.

"Be there," asked the colorport, sticking another tract in the rack above him.

"I should say I had—lived right in their native haunts on the most scorable terms with them. And I can tell you, stranger, they have their good points. There ain't nothing meaner about a cyclone. Took my old wheelbarrow off one day, and brought me a sack of flour and a sack of wheat."

"You must have seen some exciting things among them?"

"Exciting? Well, I'm not easily excited, but when a gust of wind picks you up like a bundle of straw, sweeps a whole orchard with you and then carries you ten miles to the door of a man you want to see, and he owes you \$5, and makes you a kind of queer, as if it was a special dispensation of Providence. But our last year's cyclone just got up and laid all over the other."

"Do any damage?"

"Well, it did and it didn't. We thought at first we were terribly ruined, for the cyclone came along in the night, and every chicken on the farm into the next county—not a single bird was left."

"Did you ever hear of them again?"

"Didn't I? I heard that they were all at one stopping place and went after them, and would you believe it, not one of the lot had a feather left."

"You say you had to kill them?"

"Not much. There came another cyclone and the chickens were out in it, and gentle, you may not believe me, but it blew every last feather back and every chicken got its own. I don't deny they looked kind of straggly, but in a week or two they were as chipper as ever. Fact."

The Hot Foot Club to Entertain.

The famous entertainers known as the Hot Foot Club are making great preparations for their grand extravaganza and fete which takes place at Buena Vista Park on Thursday, August 13. Vice President

George R. Reynolds is in receipt of a number of communications from well-known theatrical celebrities, stating their intention to participate in the festivities.

## A GIGANTIC INSTITUTION

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, St. Louis, Mo.

The Leading Brewery of the World, and as a Single Brewery, the Largest One Also—Agencies in All Portions of the Universe—Liberal, Enterprising and Reluctant.

The supreme court of the District of Columbia recently decided that it was entitled to claim the supreme award over all competitors from both the national and state globe, who exhibit the products at the World's Fair, 1893, at Chicago, Ill. Lager beer has become the national drink of the Americans as well as the Germans.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association of St. Louis, Mo., under the leadership of its chief, Mr. Adolphus Busch, is a pioneer in the brewing business of this country. Mr. Adolphus Busch is really a "Napoleon" among the brewers, and can justly be called the "Cesar" of the beer world, as the fine beers brewed by him, and his reputation is daily extending more and more all over the world.

The inception of the business dates back to 1852. In 1855 Mr. Eberhard Anheuser secured the plant by purchase from the Bavarian Brewing Company. In 1865 Mr. Adolphus Busch, son-in-law of Mr. Anheuser, became a partner. In 1873 he originated on a scale of considerable magnitude a system of bottling beer to all parts of the world.

The following figures are very interesting to a financial mind: 200 barrels in 1863; 20,000 barrels in 1870; 100,000 barrels in 1880; 400,000 barrels in 1885, and for the fiscal year ending July, 1896, this company is quoted with sales reaching nearly a million barrels.

The premises in St. Louis occupy fully 100 acres, and embrace over forty-five blocks. We understand that the English syndicate offered some three or four years ago \$10,000,000 for the plant, which was declined. The 500 ton La Vergne ice machine is by 175 tons the largest in the world. In the bottling works 100,000,000 bottles are corked annually. The malt house has a capacity of 2,000,000 bushels. The loading capacity, the plant being connected with the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railroad, by means of the Manufacturers' Railway Company, is certainly remarkable, being 75 car loads a day. The plant consumes, we understand, one-thirtieth of the total amount of water supplied to the city of St. Louis, and 15,000 car loads of coal is the annual allowance. It is stated that 1,250 refrigerators are owned and operated and about 4,000 employees are occupied in various capacities. The capacity of the plant is 2,500,000 barrels per year, and when, in 1892, its front was built, the extent was over twenty-five feet, and the property could have been purchased for a few hundred dollars.

The great inspiration of this gigantic institution, as the public well knows, is Mr. Adolphus Busch, one of the most benevolent men of the present generation, whose broad and liberal views and business acumen have made him a household name all over the United States and Germany. Mr. Busch's independent and liberal characteristics have been strikingly illustrated by his generally liberal attitude toward his employees in all movements in favor of the brewing industry. He has always been a distinguished figure in the movements wherein money, brains and prompt action were necessary for success. In fact, he is a bright example of the free-handed and generous individual who believes in fostering all worthy and charitable institutions and business enterprises. He is generous in patronage, and his liberality has been the cause of many a man's success. He has seen the breweries in other States profit over his liberal donations without protest, being satisfied that home institutions and home enterprise would triumph eventually.

Mr. Busch is ably assisted in managing his immense business by his two eldest sons, Mr. August Busch, Jr., the vice president, and Mr. Adolphus Busch, Jr., the superintendent, who all enjoy the love and confidence of the thousands of employees, and it is a pleasure to see that the great association has never had any controversies with them, being a strictly union brewery, and believing that each working man should be paid in full for all his labor.

The depot at Washington of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association is situated at Virginia avenue, E and First streets south-west. It is so located as to readily reach its large constituency of customers, and has a siding from the Pennsylvania Railroad, its appliances for shipping, and every visitor is favorably impressed with same. The specialties sold here are the celebrated White Label, the original Burweiser, Faust, American Pilsener, Pale Lager, Munich Beer, Burgundy, Erlanger, Cimbacher, Liebstochener, Anheuser-Standard and Malt Nutrine. These different brands are only sold in Washington, but all over the world, being recommended for purity, strength and age.

Mr. Adolphus Busch was so delighted with the great success his fine beers have all over the East that he lately established a general agency here in Washington, with Mr. Louis Illmer, who was formerly general agent of Southern Texas and secretary of Mr. Busch's American Brewing Association at Houston, Tex., at the head. This gentleman, who is one of us now, and whose family is settled from Houston, Tex., has increased the business in Washington, which is under his direct management, as well as in the territory under his supervision, and owes you \$5, and makes you a kind of queer, as if it was a special dispensation of Providence. But our last year's cyclone just got up and laid all over the other."

Only a short time ago Mr. Illmer found it necessary to put four more wagons in the service here in Washington. These wagons present an elegant appearance, with white body and gold lettering.

Mr. Illmer, who has made a great many friends here already, is very much delighted with Washington and its citizens, being so cordially received everywhere, and is very thankful to Mr. Busch for the change in headquarters.

Mr. Illmer remarked in course of conversation to our representative. It is a indisputable fact that the celebrated Anheuser-Busch Malt Nutrine has really produced wonderful results in restoring weak people to perfect health. It builds up and strengthens the nervous, the sleepless, the debilitated, old and young. I consider that it is doing very much good as a moral agent and that it is superior to any malt extract made in this country or in Europe. It contains the minimum amount of alcohol, and maximum of extract with the greatest palatability. The medicinal profession has undoubtedly now the preparation so long desired by them, and it is made in a completely of the purest malt, with selected hops and made by experienced chemists with the most improved apparatus. Its price is within the reach of all and no family should be without it.

Mr. Illmer, in taking the general management of the new territory, soon found that the Washington local representatives, Messrs. A. L. Fredericks, L. R. Vinton and T. D. Harper, were exactly the right men in the right place, and they were immediately given the very responsible positions, as do all their other agents and employees.

Particular Car Service on B. & O. Twelve o'clock noon train for Washington reports will be discontinued on Sunday commencing tomorrow.

Good morning, gentlemen of the Columbia Athletic Club. The Hot Foot Club extends you greetings.

Family Shoe Store Prices are Lowest—